

VOL. LVI. NO. 1455.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 26, 1905.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

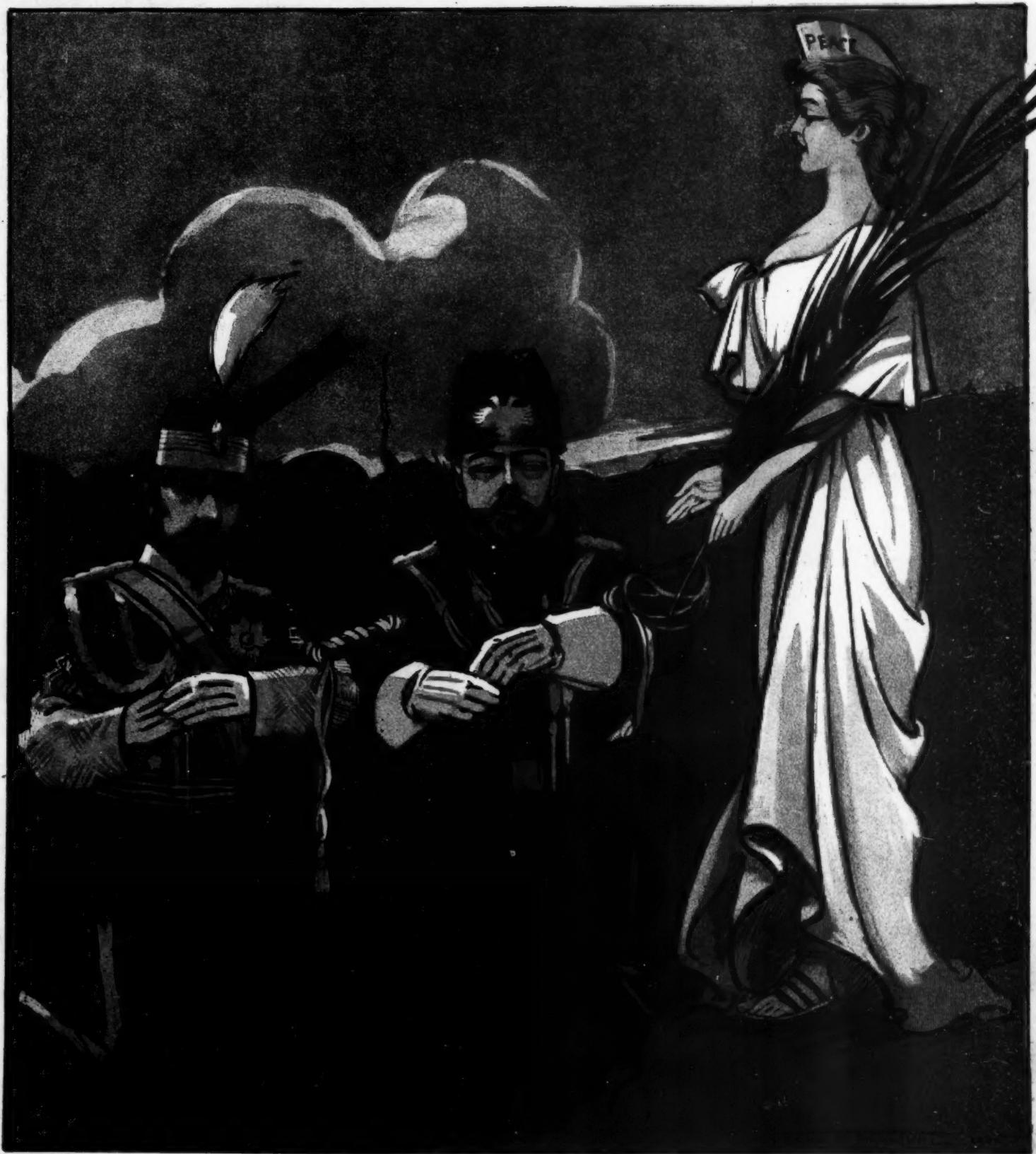
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
OF THE  
CITY OF DETROIT.

"What Fools these Mortals be!"

# Puck

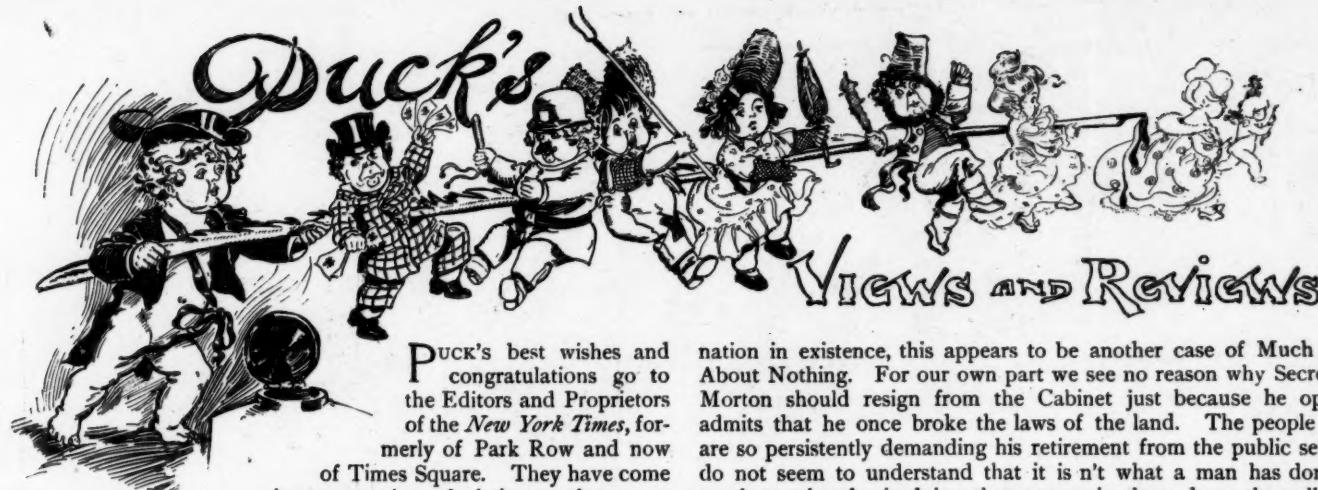
Copyright, 1905, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

WHEN, YOUR MAJESTIES?



## Puck's Views and Reviews

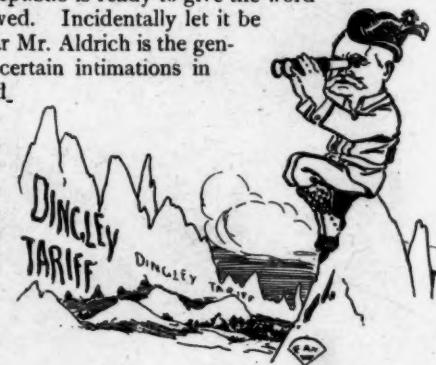
Puck's best wishes and congratulations go to the Editors and Proprietors of the *New York Times*, formerly of Park Row and now of Times Square. They have come into possession of their new home—a magnificent structure and a worthy temple for such minds as are to dwell within it. The edifice is the tallest in town and should prove a shining example to the newspaper profession of how near to Heaven one can get who confines his attention solely to the news that is fit to print. Incidentally this removal to new quarters gives us all a welcome opportunity to say that the *Times* richly deserves the prosperity of which its new building is the outward and visible sign. It is fittingly housed, although we doubt if it will be any loftier in tone now that its rumbling presses shake the sub-cellars of Heaven than it was before it moved so high up, for the very good reason that its plane, as far as our own memory goes, has always been of the sky-scraping variety. Here's to many years of prosperity and usefulness to our neighbor. May it not forget us little chaps nearer earth, is PUCK's sincerest wish.

WE ARE glad the little tempest in the Columbia College teapot has simmered down into nothingness so peacefully and so easily. PUCK has no liking for kidnappers, whether they be fresh undergraduates or hardened sinners out for the money there is in it; nor has he much sympathy with the lady-like young man who goes about with dangerous weapons concealed on his person. As a rule the man who carries a loaded revolver in his pocket is one with a definite retribution lying somewhere athwart his path, or he is a coward who feels it necessary to adopt unusual methods to carry him safely through the complications of everyday life. But in this particular case the offenders on both sides of the incident were not without saving graces which should so operate as to bring about a prompt forgiveness of their sins. The Sophomores were out for a lark and upon impulse misbehaved themselves, dutifully to their Sophomorism. Young Gould, mindful of the blindness of the New York police, especially along the Riverside region, carried a weapon of defense and finding himself playfully attacked responded by playfully shooting holes through the firmament in a successful endeavor to put his tormentors to flight. The immediate result was a public hullabaloo over a case of no importance whatsoever; the rustication of the sophomores and the possible spoiling of a young man's career all because of a merely trivial happening. PUCK's view of it is that since we do not blame a jackass because he is not an owl, we should not find silliness in a Sophomore criminal because he is, after all, only true to himself. He would n't be a Sophomore if he were not foolish. And as for young Mr. Gould, his just deserts would be amply brought home to him by the prompt application of the paternal slipper to that portion of his anatomy which from the beginning seems to have been designed for that which it is more blessed to give than to receive. When a lot of young men make fools of themselves, we should see to it that a single act of folly shall not blight their lives, and for that reason PUCK is glad that the cloud on Morningside Heights has cleared away, and that all the parties concerned are back at work again, having sense knocked into their noddles. Students of other colleges, studying this Columbia affair, will perhaps see how idiotic hazing can be when practiced by others, and so reform their own ways. If this shall happily be the case, we may all congratulate ourselves that the Columbia boys' behavior has been so conspicuously asinine as to have a positively reformative value.

THERE IS considerable agitation in various parts of the country over the question of Secretary Morton's resignation. In view of the fact that there is no such thing as Secretary Morton's resig-

nation in existence, this appears to be another case of Much Ado About Nothing. For our own part we see no reason why Secretary Morton should resign from the Cabinet just because he openly admits that he once broke the laws of the land. The people who are so persistently demanding his retirement from the public service do not seem to understand that it is n't what a man has done so much as what he is doing that counts in these days when all that we are striving for is to give everybody a square deal. As far as any one can find out Mr. Morton is making an excellent Secretary of the Navy, his advice is highly valued by the President, and having left the service of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad he is no longer subjected to the temptation of violating the Interstate Commerce Laws, "for business reasons." Just what was the measure of his guilt in the beginning we do not know, but were it great or small he may be regarded now as having reformed and we should do all in our power to help to make his reformation complete. To thrust him out of the high and ennobling society which he now enjoys is not the best way to clinch him in his resolves to avoid the temptations of the rebate in his future effort; in fact the contrary is the case. Were the portfolio of the Navy to be taken from him at this time, there is little doubt that he would go back to his former associations and there is just a possibility that he would resume some of those Commercial habits to which so much objection has been raised. PUCK therefore beseeches his contemporaries to cease their agitation for Mr. Morton's resignation and to remember that there is more rejoicing in the Cabinet over one sinner that repented than over seven just Secretaries that need no repentance.

THE PRESIDENT's Conference with the party leaders on the subject of Tariff Revision appears to have resulted in a demonstration that a gentleman named Aldrich is running the country. Mr. Aldrich was present at the conference and as far as we can find out it was resolved that nothing should be done in the matter of revising the schedules until the Senator from Rhode Island has had a much needed vacation. Before tackling the intricate details of the revision work, it is necessary that Mr. Aldrich shall climb the Matterhorn in order to get that breadth of view which one should have in making an approach to anything so sacrosanct as a Dingley schedule. In order to view the problem from every possible coign of vantage, Mr. Aldrich will go to Norway and look at the thing in the light of the midnight sun; then he will travel to Berlin and take a peep at our tariff from the point of view of schedules made in Germany; thence to Paris, where in the genial glow of the Champs Elysee on a soft Spring night he will try to figure the thing out equitably from that strictly impartial point of view that a Parisian Boulevardier might be expected to take. From Paris Mr. Aldrich will run over to England to see how the thing looks through the murk of a London fog; after which he will return to the United States and possibly get some realization of how an American Citizen feels when he tries to smuggle a pair of trousers he has worn for ten years past the eagle eye of the New York Custom House. Meanwhile the American public will wait another ten months; the Government at Washington will devote itself to the joys of the Inauguration and to the study of Jiu Jitsu until the General Manager of the Republic is ready to give the word that business may be renewed. Incidentally let it be observed that this particular Mr. Aldrich is the gentleman who, according to certain intimations in "Who's Who," is the grandfather of John D. Rockefeller's grandchildren. Just what this signifies we are not aware, largely because we do not know whether or not John D. Rockefeller has any grandchildren, but the fact is interesting in connection with our discovery of Who's It at Washington.



## BALLADE OF THE RISING PUFF.



HAT 's this that on the thoroughfares we see?  
In shopping center, park, at church and play?  
We've seen the thing before. Of course. Dear me!  
How vexed one gets when mem'ry fails this way!  
Let's rack our brains a bit. This goods display,  
These bulging bags that we again perceive  
On maiden arms are—There! The word 's at bay;  
Oh welcome, welcome, leg-o'-mutton sleeve!

How tempus fugit! 'T was in ninety-three,  
Or ninety-five, the latest, that your sway  
Extended Gildom o'er from sea to sea,  
And "puffed" each subject up with such array  
That man—staid man—was filled with dire dismay.  
What lengths—nay, breadths and heights—before you leave,  
You'll go to this time, none in sooth can say;  
But welcome, welcome, leg-o'-mutton sleeve!

Now some will cry, What fools these mortals be,  
By mortals, meaning maids—to mutely stray  
Wherever mode shall point, but not so we;  
We would not censure, chide or twit them—nay!  
For proper 't is that Gildom should obey.  
The stout, 't is true, may pout a bit and grieve,  
But spare maids long have prayed for just this day:  
So welcome, welcome leg-o'-mutton sleeve!

## ENVOI.

Dame Fashion, Ma'am, to you we deed our lay,  
As well as to your works, so please believe  
That we are soul sincere whene'er we may  
Sing welcome, welcome leg-o'-mutton sleeve!

Arthur H. Folwell

## NOTABLES.

AMONG the notables at Glen Ayr are Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Smith. Mrs. Smith was formerly the wife of Mr. Ashabel Jones, whose former wife is now Mrs. Caiaphas Robinson. A former Mrs. Robinson is the present Mrs. Jonadab Brown, whose divorce suit is the talk of everybody. Mr. Smith is very gracious and approachable, withal.



## AT MRS. ASTORBILT'S BALL.

MRS. NOODLES.—John, dear—please do not follow me about so. Remember, dear, now that we are married, it will cause talk if we are seen too much together.



## THE MONKEY DINNER AT ZOOPORT.

CHOLLY CHIMPANZEE.—Haw! Haw! Baw Jove! Cracking clevaw idea of Willie Gorilla's to—aw—have that ripping funny human at our dinnah. Haw!

**MRS. RAFFLES**  
BEING THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR CRACKSWOMAN  
NARRATED BY BUNNY  
Edited By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



III.

THE ADVENTURE OF MRS. GASTER'S MAID.

TWO DAYS after my bargain with Mr. Harold Van Gilt in which he acquired possession of the Scrape jades, and Mrs. Van Raffles and I shared the proceeds of the \$10,000 cheque, I was installed at Bolivar Lodge as head-butler and steward, my salary to consist of what I could make out of it on the side, plus ten per cent. of the winnings of my Mistress. It was not long before I discovered that the job was a lucrative one. From various tradesmen of the town I received presents of no little value in the form sometimes of diamond scarf-pins, gold link sleeve-buttons, cases of fine wines for my own use and in one or two instances cheques of substantial value. There was also what was called a steward's rebate on the monthly bills which in circles where lavish entertainment is the order of the day amounted to a tidy little income in itself. My only embarrassment lay in the contact into which I was necessarily brought with other Butlers with whom I was perforce required to associate. This went very much against the grain at first, for although I am scarcely more than a thief after all I am an artistic one, and still retain the prejudice against inferior associations which an English gentleman whatever the vicissitudes of his career can never quite rid himself of. I had to join their club—an exclusive organization of butlers and "gentlemen's gentlemen"—otherwise valets—and in order to quiet all suspicion of my real status in the Van Raffles household, I was compelled to act the part in a fashion which revolted me. Otherwise the position was pleasant and as I have intimated more than lucrative.

It did not take me many days to discover that Henriette was a worthy successor to her late husband. Few opportunities for personal profit escaped her eye, and I was able to observe as time went on and I noted the accumulation of spoons, forks, nut-crackers and gimcracks generally that she brought home with her after her calls upon or dinners with ladies of fashion that she had that quality of true genius which never overlooks the smallest details.

The first big coup after my arrival as the result of her genius was in the affair of Mrs. Gaster's maid. Henriette had been to a Bridge afternoon at Mrs. Gaster's and upon her return manifested an extraordinary degree of excitement. Her color was high, and when she spoke her voice was tremulous. Her disturbed condition was so evident that my heart sank into my boots, for in our business nerve is a *sine qua non* of success, and it looked to me as if Henriette was losing hers. She has probably lost at cards to-day, I thought, and it has affected her usual calmness. I must do something to warn her against this momentary weakness. With this idea in mind when the opportunity presented itself later I spoke.

"You lost at Bridge to-day, Henriette," I said.

"Yes," she replied. "\$2,500 in two hours. How did you guess?"

"By your manner," said I. "You are as nervous as a young girl at a Commencement Celebration. This won't do, Henriette. Nerves will prove your ruin, and if you can't stand your losses at Bridge, what will you do in the face of the greater crisis which in our profession is likely to confront us in the shape of an unexpected visit of police at any moment?"

Her answer was a ringing laugh.

"You absurd old Rabbit!" she murmured. "As if I cared about my losses at Bridge! Why, my dear Bunny, I lost that money on purpose. You don't suppose that I am going to risk my popularity with these Newport ladies by winning do you? Not I, my boy. I plan too far ahead for that. For the good of our cause it is my task to lose steadily and with good grace. This

establishes my credit, proves my amiability, and confirms my popularity."

"But you are very much excited by something, Henriette," said I. "You cannot deny that."

"I don't—but it is the prospect of future gain, not the reality of present losses that has taken me off my poise," she said. "Whom do you suppose I saw at Mrs. Gaster's to-day?"

"No detectives I hope," I replied, paling at the thought.

"No, sir," she laughed. "Mrs. Gaster's maid. We must get her, Bunny."

"Oh tush!" I ejaculated. "All this pow-wow over another woman's maid!"

"You don't understand," said Henriette. "It wasn't the maid so much as the woman that startled me, Bunny. You can't guess who she was."

"How should I?" I demanded.

"She was Fiametta de Belleville, one of the most expert hands in our business. Poor old Raffles used to say that she diminished his income a good ten thousand pounds a year by getting in her fine work ahead of his," explained Henriette. "He pointed her out to me in Piccadilly once and I have never forgotten her face."

"I hope she did not recognize you," I observed.

"No indeed—she never saw me before, so how could she? But I knew her the minute she took my cloak—" said Henriette. "She's dyed her hair, but her eyes were the same as ever and that peculiar twist of the lip that Raffles had spoken of as constituting one of her fascinations remained unchanged. Moreover, just to prove myself right, I left my lace handkerchief and a \$500 bill in the cloak pocket. When I got the cloak back both were gone. Oh, she's Fiametta de Belleville all right, and we must get her."

"What for—to rob you?"

"No," returned Henriette, "rather that we—but there, there, Bunny, I'll manage this little thing myself. It's a trifle too subtle for a man's intellect—especially when that man is you."

"What do you suppose she is doing here?" I asked.

"You silly boy," laughed Henriette. "Doing? Why, Mrs. Gaster of course. She is after the Gaster jewels."

"Humph!" I said gloomily. "That cuts us out, does n't it?"

"Does it?" asked Henriette enigmatically.

It was about ten weeks later that the newspapers of the whole country were ringing with the startling news of Mrs. Gaster's jewels. The lady had been robbed of three hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars worth of gems and there was apparently no clue even to the thief. Henriette and I, of course, knew that Fiametta de Belleville had accomplished her mission, but apparently no one else knew it. True she had been accused,

and had been subjected to a most rigid examination by the Newport police and the New York Central Office, but no proof of any kind establishing her guilt could be adduced and after a week of suspicion she was to all intents and purposes relieved of all odium:

"She'll skip now," said I.

"Not she," said Henriette. "To disappear now would be a confession of guilt. If Fiametta de Belleville is the woman I take her for she'll stay right here as if nothing had happened, but of course not at Mrs. Gaster's."

"Where then?" I asked.

"With Mrs. A. J. Van Raffles," replied Henriette. "The fact is," she added, "I have already engaged her. She has acted her part well, and has seemed so prostrated by the unjust suspicion of the world that even Mrs. Gaster is disturbed over her condition. She has asked her to remain, but Fiametta has refused. I could n't, Madame, she said when Mrs. Gaster asked her to stay. You have accused me of a fearful crime—a crime of which I am innocent—and I'd rather work in a factory, or become a shop-girl in a Department Store than stay longer in a house where such painful things have happened. Result, next Tuesday Fiametta de Belleville comes to me as *my* maid."

"Well, Henriette," said I, "I presume you know your own business, but why you lay yourself open to being robbed yourself and to having the profits of your own business diminished I can't see. Please remember that I warned you against this foolish act."

"All right, Bunny, I'll remember," smiled Mrs. Van Raffles, and there the matter was dropped for the moment.

The following Tuesday Fiametta de Belleville was installed in the Van Raffles household as the maid of Mrs. A. J. Van Raffles. To her eagle eye it



"I was compelled to act the part in a fashion that revolted me."

was another promising field for profit, for Henriette had spared neither pains nor money to impress Fiametta with the idea that next to Mrs. Gaster she was about as lavish and financially capable a householder as could be found in the Social Capital of the United States. As for me, I was the picture of gloom. The woman's presence in our household could not be but a source of danger to our peace of mind as well as to our profits, and for the life of me I could not see why Henriette should want her there. But I was not long in finding out.

A week after Fiametta's arrival Mrs. Raffles rang hurriedly for me.

"Yes, Madame," I said, responding immediately to her call.

"Bunny," she said, her hand trembling a little, "the hour for action has arrived. I have just sent Fiametta on an errand to Providence. She will be gone three hours."

"Yes," said I. "What of it?"

"I want you during her absence to go with me to her room—"

The situation began to dawn on me.

"Yes," I cried breathlessly. "And search her trunks?"

"No, Bunny, no—the eaves," whispered Henriette. "I gave her that room in the wing because it has so many odd cubby holes where she could conceal things. I am inclined to think—well, the moment she leaves the city let me know. Follow her to the station and don't return till you know she is safely out of town and on her way to Providence. Then our turn will come."

Oh that woman! If I had not adored her before I—but enough. This is no place for sentiment. The story is the thing, and I must tell it briefly.

I followed out Henriette's instructions to the letter and an hour later returned with the information that Fiametta was indeed safely on her way.



*"Her little slight figure convulsed with grief."*

"Good," said Mrs. Raffles, "And now, Bunny, for the Gaster jewels."

Mounting the stairs rapidly, taking care of course that there were none of the other servants about to spy upon us we came to the maid's room. Everything in it betokened a high mind and a good character. There were religious pictures upon the bureau, prayer books, and some volumes of essays of a spiritual nature were scattered about—nothing was there to indicate that the occupant was anything but a simple, sweet child of innocence except—

Well, Henriette was right—except the Gaster jewels. Even as my mistress had suspected they were cached under the eaves, snuggled close against the huge dormer window looking out upon the gardens; laid by for a convenient moment to get them out of Newport and then—back to England for Fiametta. And what a gorgeous collection they were! Dog collars of diamonds, yards of pearl rope, necklaces of rubies of the most lustrous color and of the size of pigeon's eggs, rings, brooches, tiaras, everything in the way of jewelled ornament the soul of woman could desire—all packed closely away in a tin box that I now remembered Fiametta had brought with her in her hand the day of her arrival, and now all these things were ours—Henriette's and mine without our having had to stir out of

doors to get them. An hour later they were in the Safety Deposit Vault of Mrs. A. J. Van Raffles in the sturdy cellars of the Tiverton Trust Company, as secure against intrusion as though they were locked in the heart of Gibraltar itself.

And Fiametta? Well—a week later she left Newport suddenly, her eyes red with weeping and her slight little figure convulsed with grief. Her favorite Aunt had just died, she said, and she was going back to England to bury her.

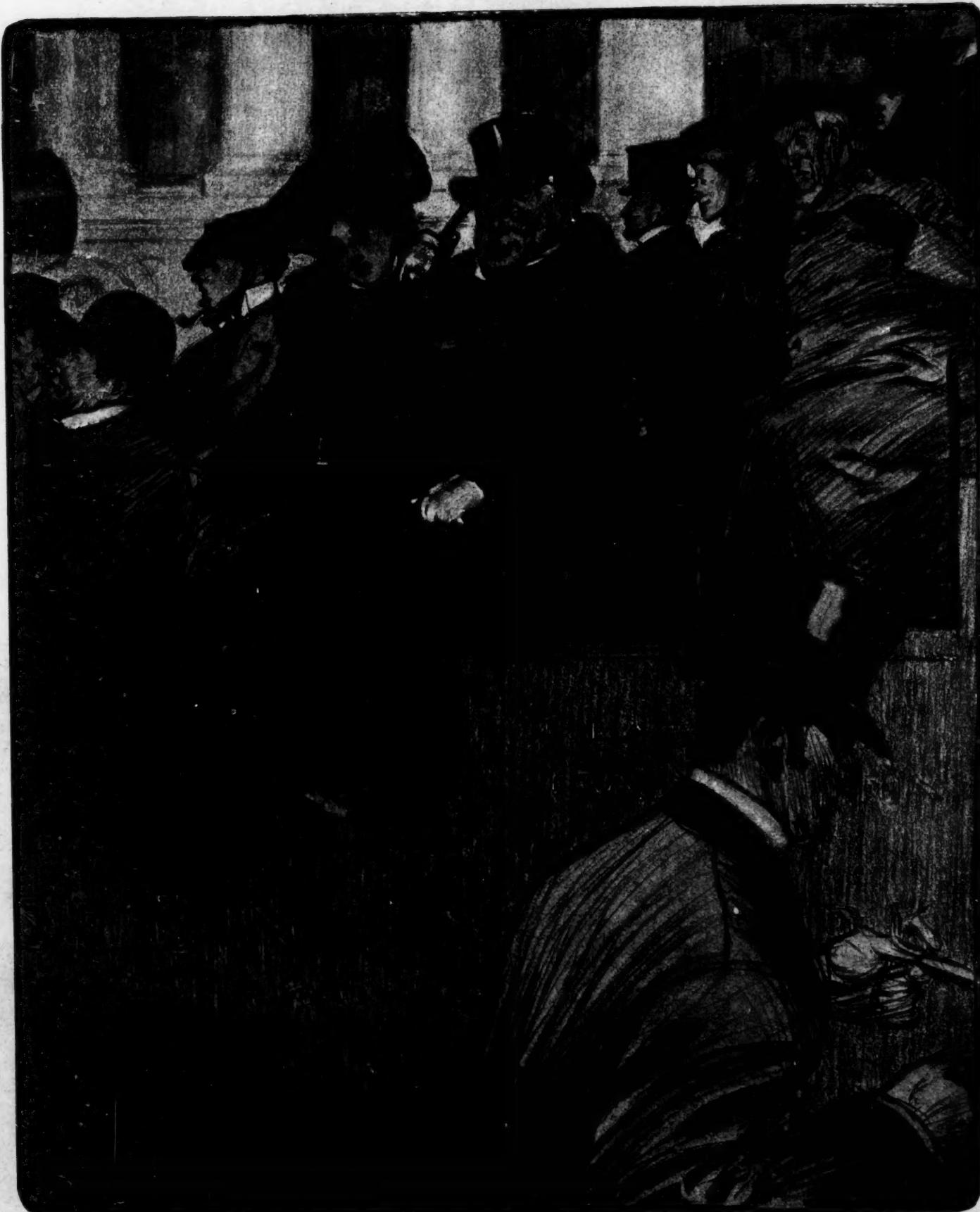
[NEXT WEEK: *The Pearl Rope of Mrs. Gushington-Andrews.*]



### Dick's Alphabet.

**C** IS for Cat, and for Clever, and Craft,  
For Cabinet, Candor and Cute fore and aft,  
For Captain and Counsel, Companion and Clear,  
For Caustic and Candidate—some other year—  
The picture we give you a Creature reveals  
Who, whatever his feelings, his felines conceals.

**D** IS for Doggie, for Dogged and Doyle—  
The standard variety sprung from the soil—  
For Doing and Done, for Deeds and for Dough,  
For Dollars and Doughnuts in continuous flow.  
This Dear little Dandy 's ever up with the lark  
And is n't at all afraid of the Dark.



WALL STREET ART.

MISS PITTS-BURGHER (*seeing New York*).—And is Washington's the only statue in Wall Street?

HER EXPERIENCED FATHER.—Yes, my dear, the only full length statue; but you hear, now and then, of a brand new bust in copper.

---

People who never flatter themselves are in little danger of being spoiled by flattery.

# PUCK



## TO THE MANNER BORN.

"We think baby will make a great politician."  
 "Why?"  
 "Well, he crawls out of everything so easily."

## THE ECLIPSE OF THE ROMAN TRIUMPH.

AS THE Inaugural Pageant at Washington next March will be largely in the nature of a triumphal entry, and as no triumphal entry, either in past or present times, was ever complete without specimens of the vanquished, walking testimonials to the conqueror's prowess, it seems more than fitting that such testimonials, foot and horse, should be part and parcel of the Roosevelt triumph, and be prominently placed in the order of march.

Solely in the hope of convincing others that the plan is feasible, and of conveying to the minds of these some idea of the new interest and diverting variety which thus would be added to the procession, the following features, in dazzling detail, are given:

### BRYANITE DIVISION.

COL. WILLIAM J. BRYAN

In a silver-mounted chariot drawn by sixteen—count them—silver-tailed horses.

The Silver Cornet Band of Lincoln.

Platoon of Original Bryanites.  
 Gum-Shoe Bill, commanding.

Back Bay Post, No. 64, Grand Army of Anti Imps. Fighting Ed. Atkinson, commanding.

Surviving Bryanites of 1896.

" " " 1900.

## BECOMING.

Betty, though at fashion's beck  
 You fit from guise to guise,  
 Oh, grant me this—don't ever  
 change  
 The way you wear your eyes.

The Commoner Caliope, playing all the unpopular tunes.

## POPULIST DIVISION.

### THE TOM-TOMS.

Watson and Tibbles, astride their side-splitting, mirth-provoking trick mule,  
 "Georgia Minstrel."

Mounted Pops with whiskers.

" without "

Assorted Pops in buck-boards and hay wagons.

Foot Pops, as flower girls, scattering flat money, coined for the occasion.

## PROHIBITION DIVISION.

SILAS C. SWALLOW, CHIEF MARSHALL.

The Watertown Fife and Drum Corps.

Sappers with axes—Carrie Nation, commanding.

Battalion of Horrible Examples—In Hollow Square of Policemen.

Prohibitionists who swore off in 1812.

" " " " 1861.

" " " " 1898.

Backsliders in Hansoms.

The First Water Wagon to Cross the Plains in '49.

## SAFE AND SANE DIVISION.

ALTON B. PARKER, HEAD KEEPER.

The First Cage.

The Wolf of Wolfert's Roost—Positively first time in captivity.

The Second Cage.

The Indiana Tomtaggart — Ferocious — feline — fierce.

The Third Cage.

The Yellelow.

(*Hearstus Parkrowibus.*) — The only one of its kind ever captured alive.

The Fourth Cage.

The Longpat.

Spotted and Streaked — He has the giraffe skinned to death.

The Fifth Cage.

The West Virginia Tightwad — Old and Rare.

The Jsharpwilliams Steam Organ.

A. H. F.



## HE STILL WONDERS.

FINNEGAN.—Oh, yis, Oi can undershtand how thim astronomers can calcilate th' distance av a shtarr, its weight, and dinsity and color and all that—but th' thing that gets me is, how th' divvle do they know its name.



J. OTTMANN UTH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

A BITTER D

DR. GARFIELD.—This may reduce you some,



BITTER DOSE.

reduce you some, but it will steady your nerves.



## FIVE MINUTES WITH POPULAR AUTHORS.

[KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON — "THE MASQUERADERS"]



"**L**ET ME understand you clearly," said John Black, removing the pipe from his mouth. "You are a man of wealth and social prominence, an important member of the House of Commons and married. Besides all this you are a dope fiend, and you wish to obtain leisure and opportunity to gratify your depraved desires, unhampered by social, political and domestic obligations."

John White nodded, and laughed unsteadily. "You put it brutally," he said, "but such are the facts."

The contrast between the two men was more than striking; it was abnormal, weird, uncanny. By one of those rare chances that seem too wild for real life the two faces were, feature for feature, as opposite as East and West. John Black was tall and broad of shoulder, blue-eyed and with a voice that bombasted like a 'cello;

John White was short and narrow-chested, dark-eyed and smooth-shaven, and voiced like a piccolo. One wore a soft hat, the other a silk tie. The dissimilarity was positively creepy.

"What you propose is," continued Black, "that we exchange places, that White become Black and Black become White. It is impossible!"

"Why?" demanded White, hoarsely. "Give me one unanswerable reason."

The other shrugged. "I could never get into your clothes," he said. "Why, good heavens, man! your trousers would come above my boot-tops."

"Pshaw!" cried White, relieved. "A tailor will remedy that in a day. All you will really need is a new tooth-brush. . . . I have thought the matter out carefully," he went on, as Black remained silent. "If we were merely ordinarily unlike there might be danger in the plan; but we are so marvellously antithetical that we can force the thing through by sheer audacity."

Black sat motionless, his head in his hands; then he rose suddenly, pushing back his chair.

"Bosh!" he exclaimed. "I might deceive your friends, but your wife would instantly detect the cheat."

"You are mistaken," said White, laughing unsteadily. "Although Eve and I inhabit the same house she has not noticed me for ten years—I do not blame her. And a man may change wonderfully in ten years."

Only half-convinced, Black took a turn about the room.

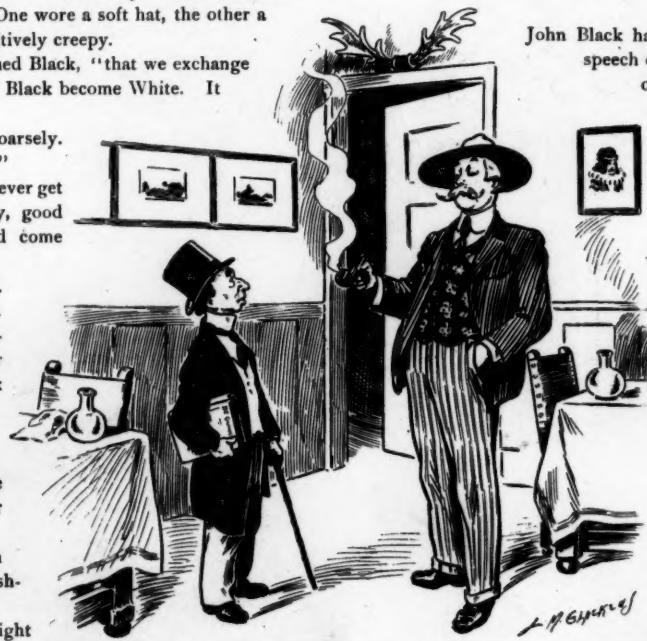
"Women are extremely credulous, you know," argued White. "Let me state it syllogistically: A woman will believe anything; Eve is a woman; therefore Eve will believe anything."

Black resumed his chair, his decision formed. "Very well; I accept," said he. "What engagements have you for to-morrow night of a social or political nature?"

"Nothing except a speech in the House on the North Sea affair. I intend to urge war with Russia."

"I will look after that," said Black. "And now let us change hats."

As John Black let himself into John White's magnificent residence in Belgrave a maid was coming along the lighted corridor. He paused, half expecting



"I might deceive your friends, but your wife—"

a scream; but the maid exhibited no surprise. It was as White had said: in the sheer audacity of the exchange lay its safety.

"Is your mistress in?" asked Black in his deep-toned voice, so unlike White's shrill treble.

"She is expected presently," replied the maid.

Black nodded and went on upstairs to White's room. He glanced approvingly at the furnishings, and attracted by a sumptuously bound copy of Gibbons' *Rome* he drew out a volume and began to turn its leaves. His back was towards the door, and he did not turn when he heard a quick, uncertain knock and the rustle of a silken petticoat. Mrs. White had entered the room.

For a second Black's heart beat sharply, and White's syllogism rang weakly in his memory. Then confidence surged back to him, and he abruptly faced her.

Eve's eyes widened in surprise, and Black's heart thumped again, but her first words restored him.

"Why, John!" she cried. "How you have grown!"

"Yes," he murmured slowly. "Ten years change one's appearance."

She flushed under the implied reproach and moved nearer to him.

"Your eyes have changed, too," she said, gently; "they used to be blue. And your hair has become black. Outwardly, John, you are much improved. I hope . . ."

"I have cut out the dope," he said, shortly. "You have something to say to me to-night?"

"Oh, no; nothing special," she replied, chilled by his manner. "I merely wished to ask whether you had fixed the furnace for the night."

John Black had reached the summit of his ambition. His speech on the North Sea affair had stirred the House of Commons as never before in its history, and the announcement of war with Russia was expected on the morrow.

John White was dead—the unhappy man had overdosed himself—and the secret of his identity was safe. Never had it been questioned. The closest associates of the unlamented White had not expressed surprise in his changed appearance. "White has grown," they said; "grown in every way. He is another man."

The ordinary man would have been satisfied to let matters rest as they were; but John Black was an extraordinary man. His fine sense of honesty was offended by the deception. Besides he knew that Eve had come to love him passionately, and that he risked nothing in telling her the truth; she would love him all the more. Secure in this thought he went straight to her boudoir.

"What is wrong, John?" she cried. "You are pale as a sheet. You have been working too hard."

"I am not myself to-night," he answered, strainedly. "I mean I am myself. Eve, I am going away from here, and before I go there is something I wish to say to you."

"There's no need to say anything," she replied, "because I know all."

"You know?" he repeated, blankly. "You know?"

"Yes; I have known from the day we first breakfasted together. You put sugar in your coffee. Mr. White always used salt."

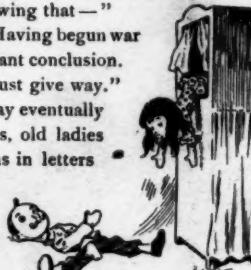
"And you have suffered matters to go on, knowing that—"

"Yes; because your country needs you, John. Having begun war with Russia it is your duty to carry it on to a triumphant conclusion. To the claims of patriotism, John, everything else must give way."

"But, Eve, do you realize that the deception may eventually become known, and that book-keepers, dressmakers, old ladies and tinsmiths will discuss the morality of our actions in letters to the *Lit'ry Supplement of the New York Times*? Think of that, Eve."

"Our country, John," she answered, twining her fingers about his. "Right or wrong, John, our country!"

Bert Leston Taylor.



**When a man can look with pleasure at the Past and with confidence at the Future he has got about as much out of this world as it allows an ordinary individual to collect at one time.**

## THE PROTECTION OF ONE MILLION FAMILIES.

# New York Life Insurance Co.

=1845=

JOHN A. McCALL, President.

=1905=

This Company is Sixty Years old. The Sixtieth Report, covering the year 1904 and describing the assets in detail, is now ready. It will be mailed to any address on request.

1904 was the most prosperous year in the Company's history.

New paid business during 1904 exceeded 342 million dollars of insurance. This is 15 millions more than the new paid business of any previous year, by this Company; and 100 millions more than the new paid business of any previous year by any other regular life insurance company.

The expense ratio for 1904 is lower than for 1903.

This Company is purely mutual; it has no Capital Stock. The policy-holders are the Company and own the assets. Their title to the assets is recorded in 925,000 policies. The policies average about \$2,100 each.

This Company has returned to its policy-holders since organization in 1845 over 450 million dollars.

Cash payments to policy-holders during the single year 1904 amounted to over 40 million dollars. In addition the Company loaned to policy-holders during the year on the sole security of their policies 17 million dollars.

The accumulations under 925,000 policies amount to 390 million dollars, cost value, an average of \$420 per policy. These accumulations are required by law and for the fulfillment of the Company's obligations under these policies.

The Bonds owned aggregate at par 288 million dollars; they cost 287 million dollars; their market value is 294 million dollars. Not a single Bond is in default of interest.

This Company does not invest in stocks or industrial securities of any kind.

This Company files its Detailed Annual Report with the Department of Commerce and Labor of the United States; with the Insurance Department of the State of New York; with each one of the State Insurance Departments in the United States, and with the Governments of all the civilized countries of the world.

This Report, in all its details, including investments and general management, is therefore scrutinized by the severest Court of Critics in the world. No other list of securities held for any purpose presents so many official certificates of approval.

## BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1, 1905.

### ASSETS.

Government, State, City, County and other Bonds, cost value . . . . .	\$287,062,384
(MARKET VALUE, \$294,309,761); <small>(Company does not include in Assets the excess \$7,247,377 of market value of Bonds owned over cost).</small>	
Bonds and Mortgages (413 first liens) . . . . .	23,595,105
Deposits in 489 Banks throughout the world (at interest \$15,241,793) .	17,694,110
Loans to Policy-holders on Policies as security (reserve value thereof, \$50,000,000) . . . . .	35,867,475
Real Estate, 23 pieces (including eleven office buildings, valued at \$10,940,000) . . . . .	13,257,500
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities . . . . .	4,086,171
Premium Notes on Policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, \$5,500,000) . . . . .	3,331,618
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities . . . . .	2,746,326
Interest and Rents accrued . . . . .	2,469,571
Loans on Bonds (market value, \$783,565) . . . . .	550,000
<small>(Company does not invest in stocks.)</small>	
<b>Total Assets . . . . .</b>	<b>\$390,660,260</b>

### LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per certificate of New York Insurance Dept.), Dec. 31, 1904 . . . . .	\$336,222,459
All other Liabilities on Policies, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentation for payment . . . . .	6,909,661
<i>Reserve on Policies which the Company voluntarily sets aside in excess of the State's requirements . . . . .</i>	\$6,830,023
<i>Reserve to provide Dividends payable to Policy-holders during 1905, and thereafter, as the periods mature:</i>	
To holders of 20-Year Period Policies . . . . .	24,982,787
To holders of 15-Year Period Policies . . . . .	5,736,259
To holders of 10-Year Period Policies . . . . .	344,601
To holders of 5-Year Period Policies . . . . .	303,837
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies . . . . .	868,953
<i>Reserve to provide for all other contingencies . . . . .</i>	8,461,680
Total (not including \$7,247,377 excess of market value of Bonds owned over cost) . . . . .	47,528,140
<b>Total Liabilities . . . . .</b>	<b>\$390,660,260</b>

### INCOME, 1904.

New Premiums . . . . .	\$16,133,824
Renewal Premiums . . . . .	64,422,754
<b>TOTAL PREMIUMS . . . . .</b>	<b>\$80,556,578</b>
Interest Receipts from:	
Bonds owned . . . . .	\$10,634,987
Mortgage loans . . . . .	1,069,232
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by Policies . . . . .	1,943,063
Bank Deposits and Collateral Loans . . . . .	702,056
<b>TOTAL INTEREST RECEIPTS . . . . .</b>	<b>14,349,338</b>
Rents from Company's properties . . . . .	946,723
Profits realized on Securities sold during the year . . . . .	499,688
Deposits on account of Registered Bond Policies, etc. . . . .	538,945
<b>Total Cash Income . . . . .</b>	<b>\$96,891,272</b>

### DISBURSEMENTS, 1904.

Paid for Death-Claims (\$19,734,245), Endowments, (\$5,051,629), and Annuities (\$1,723,160) . . . . .	\$26,509,034
Paid for Dividends (\$5,989,491), Surrender Values (\$7,790,058) and other Payments (\$95,279) to Policy-holders . . . . .	13,874,828
Commissions and all other payments to agents, \$7,276,850 (on New Business of year \$342,212,569); Medical Examiners' Fees \$788,761, and Inspection of Risks \$178,155 . . . . .	8,243,766
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Legal Fees, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on \$1,586,396,739 of Old Business and Miscellaneous Expenditures . . . . .	11,204,101
<b>*TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS . . . . .</b>	<b>\$59,831,729</b>
Balance for Reserves—Excess of Income over Disbursements for year . . . . .	37,059,543
<i>*The Expense ratio for 1904 is lower than for 1903.</i>	
<b>Total Disbursements and Balance for Reserves, . . . . .</b>	<b>\$96,891,272</b>

New Business Paid for in 1904 (185,367 Policies) - \$342,212,569  
GAIN IN 1904 (4,249 Policies) \$15,554,323

Total Paid-for Insurance in force (924,712 Policies) - \$1,928,609,308  
GAIN IN 1904 (112,001 Policies) \$183,396,409

Test by Taste

and you'll take

## Hunter Whiskey



Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

### A Symphony in Gray.

In the 1905 Calendar of N. W. Ayer & Son, the Philadelphia Advertising Agents, is worked out a color scheme in grays and white so harmonious as to merit the above title.

On the back-ground of gun metal gray cover paper is developed in lighter tones their well-known medal trade-mark and motto "Keeping Everlastingly at it Brings Success;" the latter being the predominant feature of the design.

The calendar is a large one, fourteen by twenty-eight inches, and designed for office or library. The figures are large and, being printed in white, stand out clearly across a large room.

Whether the popularity of Ayer & Son's calendar is due to the uniformly tasteful design, to their utility, or to the epigrams on advertising and business-building which fill the blanks left on the flaps, it is hard to say, but they have enjoyed a steady sale for years at twenty-five cents each; for this sum, which barely covers cost and postage, the 1905 edition may be had as long as it lasts.

MR. PINERO has demonstrated that no matter how complacently the public will regard the dramatization of its historical novels, its nasty stories must not be trifled with. We're pretty particular about some things over here, Pin, old man.



### AFTER THE CONSULTATION.

"Well, Doctors Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox."  
"Is the operation necessary?"  
"Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."

Each returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for Abbott's Angostura Bitters—the best blood and nerve renewer.

WHAT would become of the average American club if the buffet were removed—and what really makes the American buffet? The American drink—and that's a cocktail. CLUB is the only brand worthy of the American taste.

CLUB COCKTAILS are scientifically blended from choicest liquors, and aged to tickle the most critical palate.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

Our Patent Covers for Filing PUCK are

## SIMPLE, STRONG and EASILY

used. They preserve the copies in perfect shape. If PUCK is worth buying, it is worth preserving. Price, 75 cents each; by mail, \$1.00. U. S. Postage Stamps taken.

Address:  
PUCK, New York.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,  
28, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street,  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE, 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

# Bunner's Short Stories

## SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

## MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. P. & S. Bulletin*.

## MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times*.

## THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times*.

Five Volumes in Paper, - \$2.50 } or separately { Per Volume, in Paper, - \$0.50  
" " In Cloth, - 5.00 } as follows: { " " In Cloth, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers,  
or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

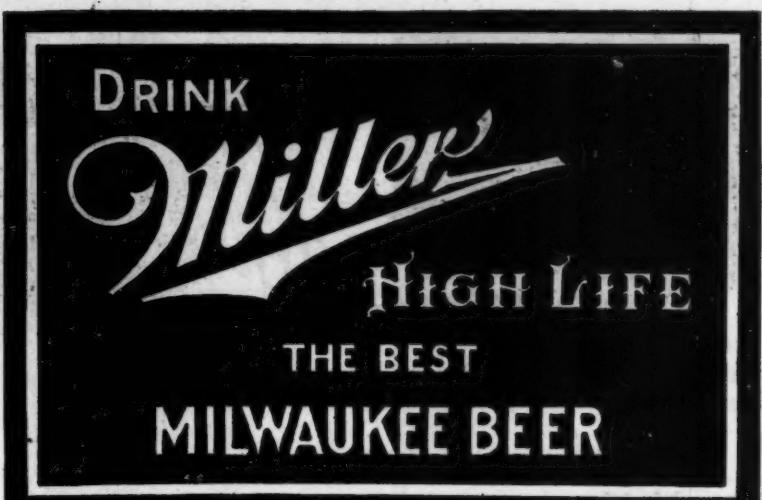
Address: PUCK, New York.

*H. C. Bunner*

WITH all the changes of centuries, Ale has never lost its hold on the public appetite, and never in its past history has it been brewed in the perfection shown in

# Evans' Ale

The first and only Ale without a particle of sediment.



ENQUIRER: You lose. The name is G-R-O-U-T. Not G-R-O-U-C-H. You ought n't to bet on public men, anyway.

WHEN "MARSE Henry" Watterson gets back from abroad, he will probably describe Paris as the Newport of Europe.

CLACK! Clack! Clack! Chauncey's going back. And joy, oh, joy! Returned to Troy Is naughty Frankie Black.

NO LESS than \$600,000 in gold bars has been taken from the Assay office and shipped to France. France had better be at the dock or Castellane will get it.



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.  
A. SANTAELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.  
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.



THE LONG-DISTANCE 'PHONE IN THE DESERT.

The Giraffe, being a trifle hard of hearing, rigs up a Telephone on himself to assist his friends in conversing with him.

Knowing physicians prescribe Abbott's Angostura Bitters to tone up the system—they know Abbott's will meet every requirement. All druggists.

"VIGOR DI VITA" has appeared in Italy. No; it is not a breakfast food. It is a translation of Author Roosevelt's "The Strenuous Life."

IF IT be really so that the Mikado will hold a fair at Tokio on the close of the war, he should secure Grand Duke Boris as superintendent of the midway.

ENGLAND AND Italy have agreed to offer a "settled sphere" to the Mad Mullah. This will be an agreeable change from the spheres they have been shooting at him in the past.

A WELL-KNOWN magazine publishes a story entitled the Thousandth Woman. We have n't read it yet, but we presume it is another one of those stories of the courtship of Brigham Young.

NO TRUCKS on Fifth Avenue between 9 A. M. and 7 P. M. hereafter. O very well! Mr. Carnegie can have his money dumped on the sidewalks of one of his side streets. You can't hit him, Mr. McAdoo.

Beginning with the number for January, 1905, the Name of the well-known Standard Humorous Monthly

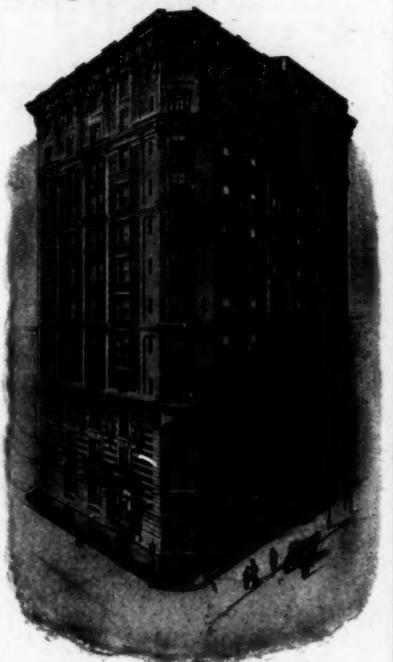
## Puck's Library will be changed to Puck's Monthly Magazine AND ALMANAC

A new feature of **Puck's Monthly Magazine** will be a *Calendar Page* with the *Humorous Happenings of the Month*, and an *Original Cover Design* by the popular humorous artist, Mr. L. M. Glackens, will add interest to the publication. All of the old features of **Puck's Library** will be retained in **Puck's Monthly Magazine**, which will continue to be the *best seller among the Humorous Monthlies*.

## HOTEL SEVILLE

Madison Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

In Shopping and Theatre District; Yet Located for Quiet and Ease. Near R. R. Stations. Crosstown Cars connecting with all Ferries pass the door.



SINGLE ROOMS or SUITES.

Furnished or Unfurnished.

Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day; With Bath, \$2.00 per day.

EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

**Chicago's Theater Train—11:30 P. M.—NEW YORK CENTRAL.**

"When you do drink, drink Trimble."

"Here's to the soul that loves the music  
Of the glasses when they clink—  
Here's to the heart that beats its highest  
When the feasters fill and drink."

A pure rye  
10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.  
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,  
Phila. & New York  
ESTABLISHED 1793

IF THE public eye  
is turned away from  
you these days, you  
know the proper  
move. Offer bail for  
Nan Patterson.

INTER-STATE  
Commerce Commis-  
sioner Prouty says  
that the puny powers  
of the commission  
are best indicated by  
the fact that the  
Railroads "have  
never tried to buy  
it." This may or  
may not, Com-  
missioner, be good  
and sufficient reason  
for increasing said  
powers.

**Royal's**  
TRADE  
MARK  
THE "WHITEST"  
COLLAR  
MADE  
LINEN  
15¢  
EACH  
ADRIAN

IF YOUR DEALER WONT  
SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US  
EMIGH & STRAUB-Dept C.C.TROY, NY

THE PRESIDENT'S  
knowledge of jiu  
jitsu, newly acquired,  
will come in handy  
when the office-hunting  
season begins.

MR. WU TING  
FANG, in holding out  
for further conces-  
sions in the new Chi-  
nese treaty, is accused  
by the State Depart-  
ment of "playing to  
the galleries." The  
State Department is  
hereby informed that  
in Pekin this expres-  
sion will not be under-  
stood. Over there,  
they call it "playing  
to the Pagodas."

**I. W. HARPER**  
**RYE**  
"On Every Tongue."  
**GRAND PRIZE** HIGHEST  
AWARD  
AT ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR  
Gold Medals at Paris, 1900; Chicago, 1893; New Orleans, 1885.  
By unanimous verdict of the world's best experts, I. W. HARPER  
is the world's best whiskey.  
BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., Louisville, Ky.

Unlimited comforts are provided on The

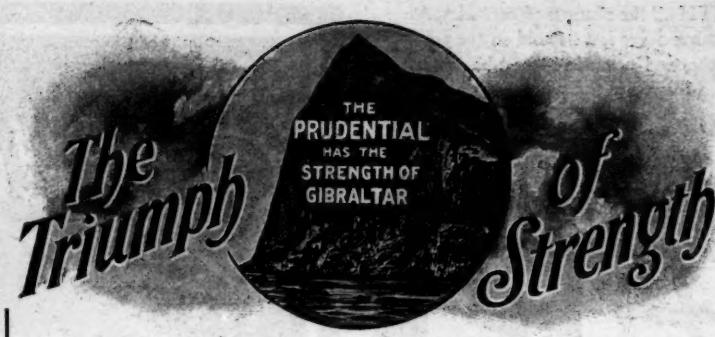
# California Limited



Compartment Pullmans for those who  
seek seclusion; Observation Pullmans for  
those who wish to view the passing show;  
Buffet-smoking cars for those who enjoy  
club luxuries.

Daily, Chicago to Los Angeles and Frisco,  
through Southwest Land of Enchantment.  
Santa Fe All the Way.

For pamphlet of the train and California trip book, address General Passenger Office.  
A. T. & S. F. Ry., Chicago.



What Sterling is to Silver  
What Bessemer is to Steel  
PRUDENTIAL is to Life Insurance

Tis the sense of saving  
that lays the Rock  
foundation of Prudential  
Protection. It will be  
a pleasure to explain  
if you will write us.

# The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Dept. P. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

Awarded Grand Prize at St. Louis Exposition, 1904

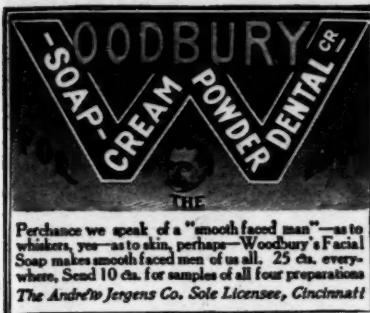


LOOKING FORWARD.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Dolly Vassargurl, as she shifted her gum, "of course I have my ideals as to the kind of man my future husband must be. Of course he must be strong and handsome, but not at all stuck on himself; he must also be shrewd and practical, but poetical and artistic withal; he must be able to make lots of money, and be generous and unselfish, and sing tenor and be a deep thinker, and perfectly straightforward and truthful and a political leader; he must be always thoughtful of the rights of others, and own a racing automobile, and he must never touch liquor and be a thorough yachtsman. I want him to belong to the clubs and societies, to be a man amongst men and always be home nights; and he must swear he loves me for myself alone and never talk foolish; in fact, he must be my mental and spiritual affinity, and no dreamer." And Dolly took out her gum and put in a caramel.

# BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



Perchance we speak of a "smooth faced man"—as to whiskers, yes—as to skin, perhaps—Woodbury's Facial Soap makes smooth faced men of us all. 25 cts. everywhere. Send 10 cts. for samples of all four preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., Sole Licensee, Cincinnati.

NO OTHER CHAMPAGNE SO UNIVERSALLY HANDLED AS



WASHINGTON.

Low - Rate Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

January 19 is the date on which will be run the next Personally-Conducted Tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington. This tour will cover a period of three days, affording ample time to visit all the principal points of interest at the National Capital, including the Congressional Library and the new Corcoran Art Gallery. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip and hotel accommodations, \$14.50 or \$12.00 from New York, \$13.00 or \$10.50 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points, according to hotel selected. Rates cover accommodations at hotel for two days. Special side trip to Mount Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupon.

Similar tours will be run on February 2 and 21, March 9 and 23, April 6 and 24, and May 18.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; C. Studds, Eastern Passenger Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.



BOUND VOLUMES  
OF PUCK  
make a  
Handsome Addition

TO ANY LIBRARY!

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW  
FOR YEAR

1904 Complete

BOUND IN TWO VOLUMES

Cloth, \$7.50

In Half Morocco, \$9.00

We also bind Subscribers' Copies, in Cloth, at \$1.25, or, in Half Morocco, at \$2.00 per volume. Address: PUCK, New York.



## PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

Wednesday, January 18, 1905.—No. 1455.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—The contents of PUCK are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

### NOTICE

Rejected contributions will positively NOT be returned, unless stamps are furnished.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers and Proprietors.  
Cor. Houston and Elm Sta., New York.

THE CINCINNATI STAR prints a very handsome portrait of a Mr. Samuel J. Murray of that city, with the statement that the gentleman has become the proprietor of PUCK. This is the first that the real proprietors of PUCK, Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, have heard of the transfer of their property. They do not, therefore, extend their congratulations to Mr. Murray upon his acquisition as yet. It will be time enough to do that when he really comes into possession of this periodical—if he ever does, and there seems to be no present prospect of his being so fortunate. The real truth of the matter probably is that Mr. Murray has become the proprietor of a single copy of PUCK at a cost to himself of ten cents, but why this should entitle him to get his picture in the paper we cannot surmise. There are several hundred thousand others who are entitled to the same distinction if it is to be won in this way.

\* \* \*

HAVE YOU SEEN PUCK'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND ALMANAC for January? If you have not, we advise you to do so at once. It is full of weirdly amusing animals—the kind PUCK is constantly meeting, although it is doubtful if Ernest Thompson Seton ever came into contact with them; certainly, if he has, he has not as yet included them in any of his entertaining catalogs of Wild Animals He Has Met. There are Bears of almost human intelligence; Monkeys fit for association with our highest society—both the human and the simian; there are foxy Foxes and oratorical Parrots, Dachshunds, Horses, Clams, Camels, Ostriches, Elephants and Frogs, not to mention an absent-minded Cassowary, who is as full of amusement as he is of forgetfulness. It is because of this predominating element of forest life and humor in this issue of PUCK'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, that it has for its sub-title the descriptive designation of *Jungle Folks*. The best feature of the letter press of the magazine is Hector, the story of a dog from the pen of PUCK's most distinguished editor, the lamented H. C. Bunner.

\* \* \*

AS FOR THE ALMANAC, a part of PUCK'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, we do not see how any one can really afford to be without it, since it is full of useful information respecting the dates which occur in January, contains a Moral Maxim to induce seasonable reflection of Sunday mornings, as well as providing a most accurate weather forecast for the month. As an indication of the merit of the latter, one of the magazine readers has already said: "I like your weather—hereafter I shall use none other." These forecasts, together with the Health Hints for January, should be in every family that is at all careful of itself. A word to the wise is sufficient. PUCK'S MAGAZINE can be had of all news-dealers in the country, save those on the New York subway, from which we are for the time being excluded, along with several other germs that conduce to the public health.

COURT MARTIAL  
Stoessel by all means,  
your majesty. Promotion and medals  
would put him in the  
same class with  
Rojestvensky.

A NEW "daily" in Chicago is to be run exclusively by women. One of the features, we presume, will be a bright, chatty man's page.

IN MISSOURI, if a certain bill goes through, the man who tips a waiter may be fined \$500. No waiter, it is safe to say, however, will ever turn state's evidence.

TO TELL THE TRUTH  
HUDSON  
THE NATURAL  
WHISKEY  
IS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.  
THE MAYER BROS. CO. CINCINNATI - U. S.

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish  
**Bar Keepers Friend**  
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or  
wo. i while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 306 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A  
GRAND  
FINALE  
TO A  
CHAPTER  
OF  
COURSES



A  
GRAND  
FINALE  
TO A  
CHAPTER  
OF  
COURSES

LIQUEUR  
PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE; THE LABEL AND BOTTLE FORMERLY USED HAVE BEEN ABANDONED. THE GENUINE ARTICLE WILL HENCEFORTH BE KNOWN ONLY AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX, DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bäters & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

INSTEAD OF the whipping post, which is being revived in several communities, how would it do to force the culprits into stocks—watered stocks, on margins—and let Wall street do the rest?



Puck's  
Original  
Drawings



The Original Drawing of any Illustration in PUCK may be bought by persons who desire

A Fine Birthday Present.

A Suitable Euchre Party Prize.

An Appropriate Picture for the Parlor, Library or "Den."

Or who wish to use them for decorative purposes generally.

Price, Size and Character of Drawing will be sent on application.

Give number of PUCK and Page, and address

PUCK, NEW YORK.



PUCK



I.

"Now, look you, Jan," quoth Claus Van Poof. "No hunter skilled art thou; So tarry here. I'll start the bears. Methinks I hear them now."



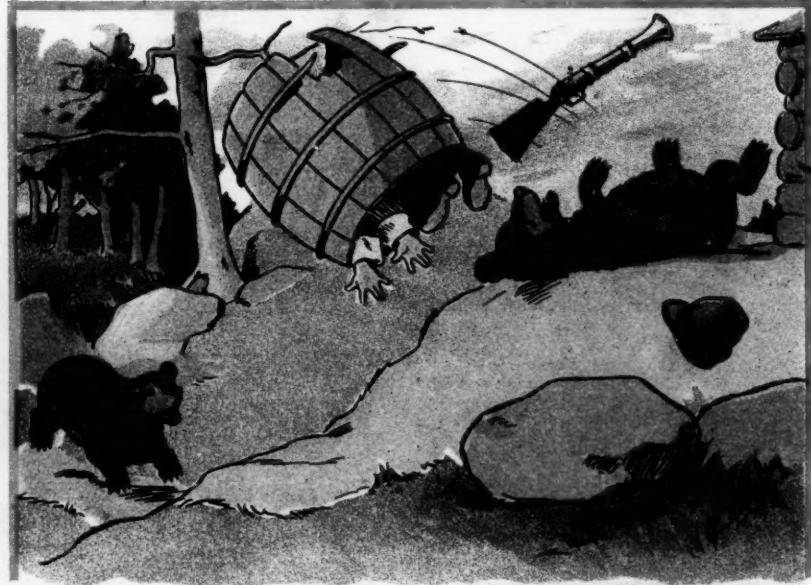
II.

"How kind of Claus," thought grateful Jan. "He knows how bad I aim. Great Holland Dames! Two bears I see! I would that bears were tame."



III.

"Help! Help, good Claus," he cried in fright. "You've started up the bears; Now stop them, do!" Just then his gun got busy unawares.



IV.

And down the hill went cask and Jan — Oh, 't was a gladsome hunt! — The while the foremost bear expired with one concluding grunt.



V.

"My last appearance, pos'sitively," cried pessimistic Jan; Nor little recked that shortly he would be a famous man.



VI.

"Good Claus," quoth he, "I seldom hunt, but just observe the fact That when I do, I kill my bears, then capture them intact."

THE BEARS THAT JAN GOT — A NATURE STORY.